

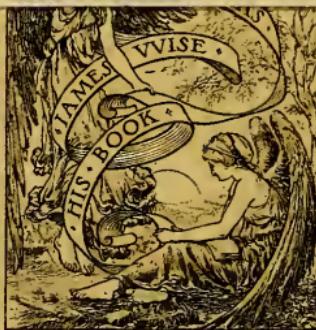


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BOOKS BRING ME FRIENDS  
WHEREVER ON EARTH I BE,  
SOLACE OF SOLITUDE  
BONDS OF SOCIETY

English Bards, / and / Scotch Reviewers; / A Satire.  
/ By / Lord Byron. / *I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew! / Than  
one of these same metre ballad-mongers.* / Shakespeare. / Such  
shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true, / *There are as mad,  
abandon'd Critics too.* / Pope. / Third Edition. / London: / Printed  
for James Cawthorn, British Library, No. 24, / Cocksbur Street. /  
1810 [?1818].

Collation: Demy octavo, pp. viii + 85; consisting of Half-title (with imprint  
"Printed by T. Collins, Harvey's Buildings, Strand, London," at the foot  
of the reverse), pp. i—ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp.  
iii—iv; *Preface to the Third Edition* pp. v—vii; p. viii is blank; and Text  
of the Satire pp. 1—85. Following page 85 are three pages of advertise-  
ments of Books published by James Cawthorn, &c. At the foot of the  
last of these pages the imprint is repeated thus, "Printed by T. Collins,  
No. 1, Harvey's Buildings, Strand, London." There are head-lines  
throughout, each verso being headed *English Bards*, and each recto *And  
Scotch Reviewers*. The signatures are A to E (5 sheets, each 8 leaves),  
followed by an unnumbered half-sheet of 4 leaves, the whole preceded by  
another unnumbered half-sheet of 4 leaves carrying the preliminary matter.

The Seventh Spurious Reprint of the Third Authorised Edition. Uncut in  
drab paper boards, without either lettering or label. The leaves measure  
8 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{8}$  inches.

The watermark throughout is "Basted Mill / 1818," in which year the book  
was no doubt produced.

Sufficient care must have been taken in the preparation of this edition, which  
is quite free from all the old errors noted, but *ingenious* for *ingenuous* was  
repeated. *at the foot of p. 5.*



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**English Bards,  
AND  
SCOTCH REVIEWERS.**

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PRINTED BY T. COLLINS, HARVEY'S BUILDINGS, STRAND, LONDON.

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# ENGLISH BARDS,

AND

# SCOTCH REVIEWERS;

## A Satire.

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BY

LORD BYRON.

---

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

SHAKSPEARE.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,  
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

POPE.

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## THIRD EDITION.

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London:

PRINTED FOR JAMES CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, No. 24,  
COCKSPUR STREET.

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1810.



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# Preface

TO THE  
THIRD EDITION.

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*ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be “turn’d from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain,” I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally who did not commence on the offensive. An Author’s works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the Authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them: I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.*

*As the Poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this Edition to make some*

*additions and alterations to render it more worthy of public perusal.*

*In the First Edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of Poetry. In the present Edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that, which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner; a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.*

*With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned, or alluded to, in the following pages, it is presumed by the Author that there can be little difference of opinion in the Public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the Author, that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure, but Mr. GIFFORD has devoted him-*

*self to MASSINGER, and in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing rabies for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers; it would, indeed, require a Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the Author succeeds in merely “bruising one of the heads of the serpent,” though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.*



# ENGLISH BARDS,

AND  
SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse FITZGERALD  
bawl  
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,  
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews  
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my Muse?

## \* IMITATION.

“ Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam  
“ Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?

JUVENAL, SATIRE 1.

Mr. FITZGERALD, facetiously termed by COBBETT the “Small Beer Poet,” inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the “Literary Fund;” not content with writing, he spouts in person after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

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Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:  
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh ! Nature's noblest gift—my grey goose-quill !

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,  
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,  
That mighty instrument of little men ! 10  
The pen ! foredoomed to aid the mental throes  
Of brains that labour, big with Verse or Prose,  
Though Nymphs forsake, and Critics may deride  
The lover's solace, and the Author's pride.  
What Wits ! what Poets dost thou daily raise !  
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise !  
Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,  
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.  
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen !  
Once laid aside but now assumed again, 20

Our task complete, like Hamet's\* shall be free;  
Tho' spurned by others, yet beloved by me :  
Then let us soar to-day, no common theme,  
No Eastern vision, no distempered dream  
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain ;  
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,  
And men through life her willing slaves obey ;  
When folly, frequent harbinger of crime,  
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time; 30  
When Knaves and Fools combined o'er all prevail,  
When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail,  
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,  
Afraid of Shame, unknown to other fears,

\* **CID HAMET BENENGELI** promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of **DON QUIXOTE**. Oh ! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of **CID HAMET BENENGELI**.

---

More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,  
And shrink from Ridicule though not from Law.

Such is the force of Wit! but not belong  
To me the arrows of satiric song;  
The royal vices of our age demand  
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand. 40  
Still there are follies, 'e'en for me to chase,  
And yield at least amusement in the race:  
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,  
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:  
Speed Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,  
Ode! Epic! Elegy!—have at you all!  
I, too, can crawl, and once upon a time  
I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,  
A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame;  
I printed—older children do the same. 50  
'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;  
A Book's a Book, altho' there's nothing in't.

---

Not that a Title's sounding charm can save  
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:  
This **LAMB** must own, since his Patrician name  
Failed to preserve the spurious Farce from shame\*.  
No matter, **GEORGE** continues still to write†,  
Tho' now the name is veiled from public sight.  
Moved by the great example I pursue  
The self-same road, but make my own review: 60  
Not seek great **JEFFREY**'s, yet like him will be  
Self-constituted Judge of Poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade  
Save Censure, Critics all are ready-made.  
Take hackneyed jokes from **MILLER**, got by rote,  
With just enough of learning to misquote;

\* This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

† In the **EDINBURGH REVIEW**.

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A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault,  
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt ;  
To JEFFREY go, be silent and discreet,  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet: 70  
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit,  
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;  
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,  
And stand a Critic hated yet caressed.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon  
Seek roses in December—ice in June;  
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,  
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,  
Or any other thing that's false before  
You trust in Critics who themselves are sore; 80  
Or yield one single thought to be misled  
By JEFFREY's heart or LAMB's Bœotian head\*.

\* Messrs. JEFFREY and LAMB are the Alpha and Omega, the first and last of the Edinburgh Review; the others are mentioned hereafter.

To these young tyrants\*, by themselves misplaced  
 Combined usurpers on the Throne of Taste :  
 To these when Authors bend in humble awe  
 And hail their voice as Truth, their word as Law ;  
 While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to spare ;  
 While such are Critics, why should I forbear ?  
 But yet so near all modern worthies run,  
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun ;  
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike  
 Our Bards and Censors are so much alike.

† Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er  
 The path that POPE and GIFFORD trod before ?

\* “ Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique  
 “ ————— occurras perituræ parcere chartæ.

JUVENAL, SAT. I.

† IMITATION.

“ Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo  
 “ Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus :  
 “ Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam.”

JUVENAL, S. I.

---

If not yet sickened, you can still proceed;  
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days  
Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,  
When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied,  
No fabled Graces, flourished side by side, 100  
From the same fount their inspiration drew,  
And, reared by Taste, bloomed fairer as they grew.  
Then, in this happy Isle, a POPE's pure strain  
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;  
A polished nation's praise aspired to claim,  
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.  
Like him great DRYDEN poured the tide of song,  
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.  
Then CONGREVE's scenes could cheer, or OTWAY's  
melt; 110  
For nature then an English audience felt—

---

But why these names, or greater still, retrace,  
When all to feebler Bards resign their place? 111  
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,  
When taste and reason with those times are past.  
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,  
Survey the precious works that please the age;  
This truth at least let Satire's self allow,  
No dearth of Bards can be complained of now:  
The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,  
And Printer's devils shake their weary bones, 120  
While SOUTHEY's Epics cram the creaking shelves,  
And LITTLE's Lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.

Thus saith the Preacher\*; “nought beneath  
the sun

Is new,” yet still from change to change we run,  
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!  
The Cow-pox, Tractors, Galvanism, and Gas

Ecclesiastes, Cap. 1.

---

In turns appear to make the vulgar stare  
Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air!  
Nor less new schools of poetry arise,  
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize: 130  
O'er Taste awhile these Pseudo-bards prevail;  
Each country Book-club bows the knee to Baal,  
And, hurling lawful Genius from the throne,  
Erects a shrine and idol of its own;  
Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,  
From soaring SOUTHEY down to grovelling STOTT\*.

\* STOTT, better known in the "Morning Post" by the name of HAFIZ. This person is at present the most profound explorer of the Bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special ode of Master STOTT's beginning thus:

(Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.)

"Princely offspring of Braganza,

"Erin greets thee with a Stanza," &c. &c.

Also a sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering ode, commencing as follows:

"Oh ! for a Lay ! loud as the surge

"That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

Lord have mercy on us ! the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nothing to this.

Behold in various throngs the scribbling crew,  
For notice eager, pass in long review:  
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,  
And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race; 140  
Sonnets on sonnets croud, and ode on ode;  
And Tales of Terror jostle on the road;  
Immeasurable measures move along,  
For simpering Folly loves a varied song,  
To strange mysterious Dullness still the friend,  
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.  
Thus Lays of Minstrels\*—may they be the last!—  
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,

\* See the “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground-work of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuing to Bayes’ Tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, “a stark moss-trooper,” videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady’s injunction not to read can only be equalled by his

---

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,  
That dames may listen to the sound at nights; 150  
And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood  
Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,

---

candid acknowledgement of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, “ ‘twas his neck-verse at hairibee,” i. e. the gallows.

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chef d'œuvres* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear, bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The Poem was manufactured for Messrs. CONSTABLE, MURRAY, and MILLER, worshipful Booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money, and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. SCOTT will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black letter Ballad imitations.

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And skip at every step; Lord knows how high,  
And frighten foolish babes the Lord knows why,  
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,  
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,  
Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,  
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,  
The golden-crested haughty Marmion, 160  
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a felon; yet but half a Knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;  
A mighty mixture of the great and base.  
And think'st thou, SCOTT! by vain conceit per-  
chance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,  
Though MURRAY with his MILLER may combine  
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?  
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,  
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade. 170

---

Let such forego the poet's sacred name,  
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame :  
Low may they sink to merited contempt,  
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt !  
Such be their meed, such still the just reward  
Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard !  
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,  
And bid a long, " good night to Marmion\*."

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now ;  
These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow :  
While **MILTON**, **DRYDEN**, **POPE**, alike forgot,  
Resign their hallowed Bays to **WALTER SCOTT**.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,  
When **HOMER** swept the lyre, and **MARO** sung,

\* " Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of **HENRY BLOUNT**, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

---

An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,  
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name :  
The work of each immortal Bard appears  
The single wonder of a thousand years\*.  
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,  
Tongues have expired with those who gave them  
birth,

190

Without the glory such a strain can give,  
As even in ruin bids the language live.  
Not so with us, though minor Bards content,  
On one great work a life of labour spent;  
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,  
Behold the Ballad-monger SOUTHEY rise !

\* As the *Odyssey* is so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to *MILTON* and *TASSO*, we consider the “*Paradise Lost*,” and “*Gierusalemme Liberata*,” as their standard efforts, since neither the “*Jerusalem conquered*” of the Italian, nor the “*Paradise regained*” of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. SOUTHEY’s will survive?

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To him let CAMOENS, MILTON, Tasso, yield,  
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.  
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,  
The scourge of England, and the boast of France !  
Though burnt by wicked BEDFORD for a witch,  
Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche;  
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,  
A virgin Phœnix from her ashes risen.  
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on\*,  
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son ;  
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew  
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.  
Immortal Hero ! all thy foes o'ercome,  
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb !      210

\* Thalaba, Mr. SOUTHEY's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough, but Thalaba was one of those poems "which," in the words of PORSON, "will be read when HOMER and VIRGIL are forgotten; but —not till then."

Since startled metre fled before thy face,  
Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race !  
Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence !  
Illustrious conqueror of common sense !  
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,  
Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales ;  
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,  
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.  
Oh ! SOUTHEY, SOUTHEY\* ! cease thy varied song !  
A Bard may chaunt too often and too long : 220  
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare !  
A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.

\* We beg Mr. SOUTHEY's pardon : " Madoc disdains the degraded title of Epic." See his preface. Why is Epic degraded ? and by whom ? Certainly the late Romaunts of Masters COTTLE, Laureat PYE, OGILVY, HOLE, and gentle Mistress COWLEY, have not exalted the Epic Muse ; but as Mr. SOUTHEY's poem " disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead ? or must he be content to rival Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse ?

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But if, in spite of all the world can say,  
Thou still wilt vereward plod thy weary way ;  
If still in Berkley Ballads most uncivil,  
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil\*,  
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :  
“ God help thee,” SOUTHEY, and thy readers  
too†.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,  
That mild apostate from poetic rule, 230  
The simple WORDSWORTH, framer of a lay  
As soft as evening in his favourite May,

\* See, The Old Woman of Berkley, a Ballad, by Mr. SOUTHEY, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a “ high trotting horse.”

† The last line, “ God help thee,” is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr. SOUTHEY, on his Dactylics

“ God help thee, silly one.”—Poetry of the Anti-jacobin, page 23.

Who warns his friend “ to shake off toil and trouble,  
And quit his books for fear of growing double\*;”  
Who, both by precept and example, shows  
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose  
Convincing all by demonstration plain,  
Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;  
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme  
Contain the essence of the true sublime : 240  
Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,  
The idiot mother of “ an idiot Boy ;”

\* Lyrical Ballads, page 4. ——“ The tables turned.”  
Stanza 1.

“ Up, up my friend, and clear your looks,  
“ Why all this toil and trouble ?  
“ Up, up my friend, and quit your books,  
“ Or surely you'll grow double.”

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A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,  
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day\*,  
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,  
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,  
 That all who view the “idiot in his glory,”  
 Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle **COLERIDGE** pass unnoticed here,  
 To turgid ode, and tumid stanza dear ?      250  
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,  
 Yet still obscurity’s a welcome guest.

\* Wr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove, that prose and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable.

“ And thus to Betty’s question he  
 “ Made answer, like a traveller bold,  
 “ The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,  
 “ And the sun did shine so cold,” &c. &c.

Lyrical Ballads, page 129.

If inspiration should her aid refuse,  
To him who takes a Pixy for a Muse\*,  
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The bard who soars to elegize an ass.  
How well the subject suits his noble mind !  
“ A fellow feeling makes us wond’rous kind.”

Oh ! wonder-working LEWIS ! Monk, or Bard,  
Who fain would’st make Parnassus a church-yard !  
Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,  
Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo’s sexton thou !  
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak’st thy stand,  
By gibb’ring spectres hailed, thy kindred band ;  
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,  
To please the females of our modest age,

\* COLERIDGE’s Poems, page 11. Songs of the Pixies, i. e. Devonshire Fairies: p. 42, we have, “ Lines to a Young Lady :” and p. 52, “ Lines to a Young Ass.”

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All hail, M. P.\*! from whose infernal brain  
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;  
At whose command, “ grim women” throng in  
crouds,  
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds, 270  
With “ small grey men,”—“ wild yagers,” and  
what-not,  
To crown with honour, thee, and WALTER SCOTT ;  
Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,  
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease ;  
Even Satan’s self with thee might dread to dwell,  
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir  
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta’s fire,

\* “ For every one knows little Matt’s an M. P.”—See  
a Poem to Mr. LEWIS, in THE STATESMAN, supposed to be  
written by Mr. JEKYLL.

---

With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flushed,  
Strikes his wild Lyre, whilst listening dames are  
hushed ?

280

'Tis LITTLE! young Catullus of his day,  
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay !  
Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,  
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.  
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns ;  
From grosser incense with disgust she turns :  
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,  
She bids thee, " mend thy line and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,  
To whom such glittering ornaments belong, 290  
Hibernian STRANGFORD! with thine eyes of blue\*,  
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,

\* The reader who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to "STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS," page 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS.

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Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admires,  
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,  
Learn, if thou can'st, to yield thine author's sense,  
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.

Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,  
By dressing CAMOENS in a suit of lace?

Mend, STRANGFORD! mend thy morals and thy taste;  
Be warm, but pure, be amorous, but be chaste: 300  
Cease to deceive; thy pilfered harp restore,  
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy MOORE.

In many marble-covered volumes view  
HAYLEY, in vain attempting something new:  
Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,  
Or scrawl, as WOOD and BARCLAY walk 'gainst  
time,

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It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as Poems of CAMOENS, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the Song of Solomon.

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His style in youth or age is still the same ;  
For ever feeble and for ever tame.  
Triumphant first see “Temper’s Triumphs” shine !  
At least I’m sure they triumphed over mine. 310  
Of “Music’s Triumphs” all who read may swear  
That luckless Music never triumphed there\*.

Moravians rise ! bestow some meet reward  
On dull devotion—lo ! the Sabbath Bard,  
Sepulchral GRAHAME, pours his notes sublime,  
In mangled prose, nor e’en aspires to rhyme,  
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,  
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch ;

\* HAYLEY’s two most notorious verse productions, are “Triumphs of Temper,” and “Triumphs of Music.” He has also written much Comedy in rhyme, Epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend POPE’s Advice to WYCHERLEY, to Mr. H.’s consideration : viz. “to convert his poetry into prose,” which may easily be done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

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And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms,  
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms\*. 320

Hail sympathy ! thy soft idea brings  
A thousand visions of a thousand things,  
And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,  
The maudlin Prince of mournful sonneteers.  
And art thou not their Prince, harmonious Bowles !  
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls ?  
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,  
Or consolation in a yellow leaf ;  
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells  
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells†, 330  
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend,  
In every chime that jingled from Ostend ?

\* Mr. GRAHAME has poured forth two volumes of Cant, under the name of " Sabbath Walks," and " Biblical Pictures."

† See Bowles's Sonnets, &c.—“ Sonnet to Oxford,” and “ Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend.”

Ah ! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,  
If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap !  
Delightful BOWLES ! still blessing and still blest,  
All love thy strain, but children like it best.  
'Tis thine with gentle LITTLE's moral song,  
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng !  
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,  
Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years :  
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain ; 340  
She quits poor BOWLES, for LITTLE's purer strain.  
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine  
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine ;  
" Awake a louder and a loftier strain\*,"  
Such as none heard before, or will again ;

\* " Awake a louder," &c. &c. is the first line in BOWLES's " Spirit of Discovery ;" a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following :—

" A kiss

" Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet

" Here heard ; they trembled even as if the power," &c. &c.

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Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,  
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,  
By more or less, are sung in every book,  
From Captain **NOAH** down to Captain **COOK.** 350  
Nor this alone, but pausing on the road,  
The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode\* ;  
And gravely tells—attend each beauteous Miss!—  
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.  
**BOWLES!** in thy memory, let this precept dwell,  
Stick to thy Sonnets, man! at least they sell.  
But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe  
Prompt thy crudebrain, and claim thee for a scribe,

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That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phænomenon.

\* The Episode above alluded to, is the story of “ Robert a Machin,” and “ Anna d’Arfet,” a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above-mentioned, that startled the woods of **MADEIRA.**

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If chance some bard, though once by dunce's fear'd,  
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered; 360  
If POPE, whose fame and genius from the first  
Have foiled the best of critics, needs the worst,  
Do thou essay; each fault, each failing scan;  
The first of poets was, alas! but man!  
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,  
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in CURLL\*;  
Let all the scandals of a former age,  
Perch on thy pen and flutter o'er thy page;  
Affect a candour which thou can't not feel,  
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal: 370  
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,  
And do from hate, what† MALLET did for hire.

\* CURLL is one of the Heroes of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord HERVEY, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

† Lord BOLINGBROKE hired MALLET to traduce POPE after his decease, because the Poet had retained some copies

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Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,  
 To rave with DENNIS, and with RALPH to rhyme\*,  
 Thronged with the rest around his living head,  
 Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,  
 A meet reward had crowned thy glorious gains,  
 And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains†.

Another Epic ! who inflicts again  
 More books of blank upon the sons of men ? 380

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of a work by Lord BOLINGBROKE, (the Patriot King) which that splendid, but malignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.

\* DENNIS, the critic, and RALPH, the rhymester.

“ Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,

“ Making night hideous, answer him ye owls !”

Dunciad.

† See BOWLES's late edition of POPE's works, for which he received 300 pounds : thus Mr. B. has experienced, how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

Bœotian **COTTLE**, rich Bristowa's boast,  
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,  
And sends his goods to market—all alive !  
Lines forty thousand, Cantos twenty-five !  
Fresh fish from Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?  
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.  
Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,  
Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night ;  
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,  
And **AMOS COTTLE** strikes the Lyre in vain. 390  
In him an author's luckless lot behold !  
Condemned to make the books which once he sold.  
Oh ! **AMOS COTTLE** !—Phœbus ! what a name  
To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—  
Oh ! **AMOS COTTLE** ! for a moment think  
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !  
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,  
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?

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Oh! pen perverted! paper misapplied!  
Had \*COTTLE still adorned the counter's side, 400  
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,  
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,  
Plough'd, delv'd, or plied the oar with lusty limb,  
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep  
Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may sleep,  
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond! heaves  
Dull MAURICE† all his granite weight of leaves:

\* Mr. COTTLE, AMOS, JOSEPH, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of Epics. "Alfred," (poor Alfred! PYE has been at him too!) "Alfred" and the "Fall of Cambria."

† Mr. MAURICE hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like:—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain !  
The petrifactions of a plodding brain, 410  
That ere they reach the top fall lumbering back  
again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,  
Lo ! sad **ALCÆUS** wanders down the vale !  
Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at  
last,  
His hopes have perished by the Northern blast :  
Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,  
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails !  
O'er his lost works let *classic SHEFFIELD* weep :  
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep\* !

\* Poor **MONTGOMERY** ! though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the **EDINBURGH**. After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius : his “Wanderer of Switzerland” is worth a thousand “Lyrical Ballads,” and at least fifty “Degraded Epics.”

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Yet, say ! why should the Bard, at once, resign  
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine ?  
For ever startled by the mingled howl  
Of Northern wolves that still in darkness prowl ;  
A coward brood which mangle as they prey,  
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way :  
Aged or young, the living or the dead,  
No mercy find,—these harpies must be fed.  
Why do the injured unresisting yield  
The calm possession of their native field ?  
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat, 430  
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to ARTHUR's  
seat ?\*

Health to immortal JEFFREY ! once, in name,  
England could boast a judge almost the same :  
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,  
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,

\* ARTHUR's seat ; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

And given the Spirit to the world again,  
To sentence Letters, as he sentenced men.  
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,  
With voice as willing to decree the rack ;  
Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law 440  
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw.  
Since well instructed in the patriot school  
To rail at party, though a party tool,  
Who knows ? if chance his patrons should restore  
Back to the sway they forfeited before,  
His scribbling toils some recompence may meet  
And raise this DANIEL to the Judgment seat.  
Let JEFFRIES' shade indulge the pious hope,  
And greeting thus, present him with a rope ;  
“ Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind ! ” 450  
“ Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind,  
“ This cord receive ! for thee reserved with care,  
“ To wield in judgment, and at length to wear.”

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Health to great JEFFREY ! Heaven preserve his  
life,

To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,  
And guard it sacred in his future wars,  
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars !  
Can none remember that eventful day,  
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,  
When LITTLE's leadless pistol met his eye, 460  
And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing by\*?  
Oh ! day disastrous ! on her firm set rock,  
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock ;  
Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,  
Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the North;

\* In 1806, Messrs. JEFFREY and MOORE met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the Magistracy ; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the Daily Prints.

TWEED ruffled half his waves to form a tear,  
The other half pursued its calm career \* ;  
ARTHUR's steep summit nodded to its base,  
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place ;  
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can, 470  
On such occasions, feel as much as man—  
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,  
If JEFFREY died, except within her arms † :  
Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn  
The sixteenth story where himself was born,

\* The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum ; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the River to have shewn the smallest symptom of apprehension.

† This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the Edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

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His patrimonial garret fell to ground,  
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound :  
Strewed were the streets around with milk-white  
reams,  
Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams ;  
This of his candour seemed the sable dew, 480  
That of his valour shewed the bloodless hue,  
And all with justice deemed the two combined  
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.  
But Caledonia's Goddess hovered o'er  
The field, and saved him from the wrath of MOORE ;  
From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,  
And strait restored it to her favourite's head.  
That head, with greater than magnetic power,  
Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,  
And though the thickening dross will scarce refine,  
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.  
“ My son,” she cried, “ ne'er thirst for gore again,  
“ Resign the pistol, and resume the pen ;

“ O'er politics and poesy preside,  
“ Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide !  
“ For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,  
“ Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,  
“ So long shall last thine unmolested reign,  
“ Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.  
“ Behold a chosen band shall aid thy plan, 500  
“ And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.  
“ First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen  
“ The travelled Thane ! Athenian Aberdeen\*.  
“ HERBERT shall wield THOR's hammer†, and  
sometimes  
“ In gratitude thou'l't praise his rugged rhymes.

\* His Lordship has been much abroad, is a Member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of “ GELL's Topography of Troy.”

† Mr. HERBERT is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a “ Song on the Re-

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“ Smug SYDNEY\* too thy bitter page shall seek,  
“ And classic HALLAM† much renowned for Greek.

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covery of THOR’s Hammer :” the translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus :—

“ Instead of money and rings, I wot,  
“ The hammer’s bruises were her lot,  
“ Thus Odin’s son his hammer got.”

\* The Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, the reputed Author of Peter Plymley’s Letters, and sundry criticisms.

† Mr. HALLAM reviewed PAYNE KNIGHT’s Taste, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein : it was not discovered that the lines were PINDAR’s till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of HALLAM’s ingenuity.

The said HALLAM is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House.—If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his Lordship’s feasts are preferable to his compositions.—If he did not review Lord HOLLAND’s performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. HALLAM will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text, provided nevertheless the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse, till then, HALLAM must stand for want of a better.

“ Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,  
“ And paltry PILLANS\* shall traduce his friend.  
“ While gay Thalia’s luckless votary LAMBE†, 510  
“ As he himself was damned, shall try to damn.  
“ Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!  
“ Thy HOLLAND’s banquets shall each toil repay;  
“ While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,  
“ To HOLLAND’s hirelings, and to Learning’s foes.  
“ Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review  
“ Spread its light wings of Saffron and of Blue,  
“ Beware lest blundering BROUGHAM‡ destroy  
            the sale,  
“ Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail.”

\* PILLANS is a tutor at Eton.

† The honourable G. LAMBE reviewed “ BERESFORD’s Miseries,” and is moreover Author of a Farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late Theatre, Covent-Garden. It was entitled “ Whistle for It.”

‡ Mr. BROUGHAM, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos,

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Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kist      520  
Her son, and vanished in a Scottish mist\*.

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has displayed more politics than policy: many of the worthy Burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

It seems that Mr. BROUGHAM is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from Trent to Tay:—So be it.

\* I ought to apologize to the worthy Deities for introducing a new Goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonian's Genius, it being well known there is no Genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness, yet without supernatural agency, how was JEFFREY to be saved? The national "Kelpies," &c. are too unpoetical, and the "Brownies" and "gude neighbours," (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A Goddess therefore has been called for the purpose, and great ought to be the gratitude of JEFFREY, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

Illustrious **HOLLAND** ! hard would be his lot  
His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot !  
**HOLLAND**, with **HENRY PETTY** at his back,  
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.  
Blest be the banquets spread at **Holland House**,  
Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse !  
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,  
Shall **Grub-street** dine, while duns are kept aloof.  
See honest **HALLAM** lay aside his fork, 530  
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,  
And grateful to the founder of the feast,  
Declare his landlord can translate at least\* !  
**Dunedin** ! view thy children with delight,  
They write for food, and feed because they write :  
And, lest when heated with the unusual grape,  
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,

\* Lord H. has translated some specimens of **LOPE DE VEGA**,  
inserted in his life of the Author : both are bepraised by his  
*disinterested* guests.

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And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,  
My lady skims the cream of each critique ;  
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul, 540  
Reforms each error and refines the whole\*.

Now to the Drama turn—oh ! motley sight !  
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite !  
Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent†,  
And DIBDIN's nonsense yield complete content.  
Though now, thank Heaven ! the Rosciomania's  
o'er,  
And full-grown actors are endured once more ;  
Yet what avails their vain attempts to please,  
While British critics suffer scenes like these ?

\* Certain it is, her Ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review : however that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.

† In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, a new asylum for distressed heroes.

While REYNOLDS vents his “dammes, poohs,” and  
“zounds\*,” 550  
And common place, and common sense confounds?  
While KENNY’s World just suffered to proceed,  
Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?  
And BEAUMONT’s pilfered Caratach affords  
A tragedy complete in all but words†?  
Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,  
The degradation of our vaunted stage?  
Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?  
Have we no living Bard of merit?—none?  
Awake, GEORGE COLMAN, CUMBERLAND, awake! 560  
Ring the alarum bell, let folly quake!

\* All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R., and prominent in his Comedies, living and defunct.

† Mr. T. SHERIDAN, the new Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, stripped the Tragedy of Bonduca of the Dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus.—Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

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Oh ! **SHERIDAN** ! if aught can move thy pen,  
Let Comedy resume her throne again,  
Abjure the mummery of German schools,  
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools ;  
Give as thy last memorial to the age,  
One classic drama, and reform the stage.  
Gods ! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head  
Where **GARRICK** trod, and **KEMBLE** lives to tread ?  
On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask, 570  
And **HOOK** conceal his heroes in a cask ?  
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce  
From **CHERRY**, **SKEFFINGTON**, and **Mother Goose** ?  
While **SHAKSPEARE**, **OTWAY**, **MASSINGER**, forgot,  
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot ?  
Lo ! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim,  
The rival candidates for Attic fame !  
In grim array though **LEWIS**' spectres rise,  
Still **SKEFFINGTON** and **Goose** divide the prize.

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And sure *great* SKEFFINGTON must claim our praise,  
For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays  
Renowned alike ; whose genius ne'er confines  
Her flight to garnish GREENWOOD's gay designs\* ;  
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon  
In five facetious acts comes thundering on†,  
While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene,  
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean ;  
But as some hands applaud, a venal few !  
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now, ah ! wherefore should we turn  
To what our fathers were, unless to mourn ?  
Degenerate Britons ! are ye dead to shame,  
Or, kind to dullness, do you fear to blame ?

\* Mr. GREENWOOD is, we believe, Scene-Painter to Drury Lane Theatre—as such, Mr. S. is much indebted to him.

† Mr. S. is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty;" and some Comedies, particularly "Maids and Bachelors;" Baculaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni.

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Well may the nobles of our present race  
Watch each distortion of a **NALDI**'s face ;  
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,  
And worship **CATALANI**'s pantaloons\*,  
Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace  
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let **AUSONIA**, skilled in every art 600  
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,  
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,  
To sanction Vice and hunt decorum down :  
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er **DESHAYES**,  
And bless the promise which his form displays ;  
While **GAVTON** bounds before the enraptured looks  
Of hoary Marquises and stripling Dukes :

\* **NALDI** and **CATALANI** require little notice,—for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds ; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the **LADY**'s appearance in trowsers.

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Let high-born lechers eye the lively **PRESLE**  
Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil;  
Let **ANGIOLINI** bare her breast of snow, 610  
Wave the white arm and point the pliant toe;  
**COLLINI** trill her love-inspiring song,  
Strain her fair neck and charm the listening throng!  
Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice!  
Reforming Saints! too delicately nice!  
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,  
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;  
And beer undrawn and beards unmown display  
Your holy rev'rence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile 620  
Of vice and folly, **GREVILLE** and Argyle\*!

\* To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the Institution, and not the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

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Where yon proud palace Fashion's hallowed fane,  
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,  
Behold the new PETRONIUS\* of the day,  
The Arbiter of pleasure and of play!  
There the hired Eunuch, the Hesperian choir,  
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,

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A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at Backgammon; it is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested, but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or curst with such connections, to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an Institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

\* PETRONIUS "Arbiter elegantiarum" to NERO, "and a very pretty fellow in his day," as MR. CONGREVE'S Old Bachelor saith.

The song from Italy, the step from France,  
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,  
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine, 630  
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and Lords com-  
bine; . . . . .  
Each to his humour,—Comus all allows;  
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's  
spouse.  
Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!  
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made:  
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,  
Nor think of Poverty, except "en masque,"  
When for the night some lately titled ass  
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.  
The curtain dropped, the gay Burletta o'er, 640  
The audience take their turn upon the floor;  
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,  
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap;

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The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,  
The last display the free, unfettered limb :  
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair  
With art the charms which Nature could not spare ;  
These after husbands wing their eager flight,  
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh ! blest retreats of infamy and ease ! 650  
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,  
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,  
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught :  
There the blithe youngster, just returned from  
Spain,  
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main ;  
The jovial Caster's set, and seven's the nick,  
Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick !  
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,  
And all your hope or wish is to expire,

Here's POWELL's pistol ready for your life, 660  
And, kinder still, a PAGET for your wife:  
Fit consummation of an earthly race  
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace,  
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,  
Wash thy redwounds, or watch thy wavering breath;  
Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,  
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,  
To live like CLODIUS\*, and like FALKLAND† fall.

\* Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.

† I knew the late Lord FALKLAND well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer; his faults were the faults of a sailor, as such Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

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Truth ! rouse some genuine Bard; and guide  
his hand  
To drive this pestilence from out the land. 670  
Even I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,  
Just skilled to know the right and chuse the wrong,  
Freed at that age, when Reason's shield is lost,  
To fight my course through Passion's countless host,  
Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way  
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—  
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel  
Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal :  
Altho' some kind, censorious friend will say,  
“ What art thou better, meddling fool, than they ? ”  
And every Brother Rake will smile to see  
That miracle, a Moralist in me.  
No matter—when some Bard in virtue strong,  
GIFFORD perchance, shall raise the chastening song,  
Then sleep my pen for ever ! and my voice  
Be only heard to hail him and rejoice ;

Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I  
May feel the lash that virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals  
From silly HAFIZ\*, up to simple BOWLES. 690  
Why should we call them from their dark abode,  
In broad St. Giles's, or in Tottenham Road ?  
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare  
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street, or the  
Square ?

If things of ton their harmless lays indite,  
Most wisely doomed to shun the public sight,  
What harm ? in spite of every critic elf,  
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself ;

\* What would be the sentiments of the Persian ANACREON, HAFIZ, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with FERDOUSI and SADI, the Oriental HOMER and CATULLUS, and behold his name assumed by one STOTT of DROMORE, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the Daily Prints.

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MILES ANDREWS still his strength in couplets try,  
And live in prologues, though his dramas die. 700  
Lords too are Bards, such things at times befall,  
And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at all.  
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,  
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?  
Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,  
No future laurels deck a noble head;  
No Muse will cheer with renovating smile,  
The paralytic puling of Carlisle:  
The puny Schoolboy and his early lay  
Men pardon, if his follies pass away; 710  
But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,  
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?  
What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer!  
Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, pamphleteer\*!

\* The Earl of CARLISLE has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his Lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the Stage, except his own tragedies.

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So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,  
His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage ;  
But Managers for one cried, “ hold; enough ! ”  
Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.  
Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,  
And case his volumes in congenial calf;      720  
Yes ! doff that covering where Morocco shines,  
And hang a calf-skin\* on those recreant lines.

With you, ye Druids ! rich in native lead,  
Who daily scribble for your daily bread ;  
With you I war not : GIFFORD’s heavy hand  
Has crushed, without remorse, your numerous  
band.

\* “ Doff that lion’s hide  
“ And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.”

SHAK: KING JOHN.

Lord C.’s works most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves :

“ The rest is all but leather and prunella.”

On “all the Talents” vent your venal spleen,  
Want your defence, let Pity be your screen.  
Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,  
And Melville’s Mantle\* prove a Blanket too! 730  
One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,  
And, peace be with you! ‘tis your best reward.  
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give,  
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;  
But now at once your fleeting labours close,  
With names of greater note in blest repose.  
Far be’t from me unkindly to upbraid  
The lovely Rosa’s prose in masquerade,  
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,  
Leave wondering comprehension far behind†. 740

\* MELVILLE’s Mantle, a parody on “Elijah’s Mantle,” a poem.

† This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K——, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca School, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

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Though **BELL** has lost his nightingales and owls,  
**MATILDA** snivels still, and **HAFIZ** howls,  
And **CRUSCA**'s spirit, rising from the dead,  
Revives in **LAURA**, **QUIZ**, and **X. Y. Z.**.\*

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,  
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,  
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,  
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse,  
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!  
How ladies read! and Literati laud! 750  
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,  
'Tis sheer ill-nature; don't the world know best?  
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,  
And **CAPEL LOFFT**† declares 'tis quite sublime.

\* These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

† **CAPEL LOFFT**, Esq. the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and Preface-writer-General to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis Accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth.

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Hear, then, ye happy sons of needles trade !  
Swains ! quit the plough, resign the useless spade !  
Lo ! BURNS and BLOOMFIELD,\* nay, a greater far,  
GIFFORD was born beneath an adverse star,  
Forsook the labours of a servile state,  
Stemmed the rude storm, and triumphed over Fate :  
Then why no more ? if Phœbus smiled on you,  
BLOOMFIELD ! why not on brother NATHAN too ?  
Him too the Mania, not the Muse, has seized ;  
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased :  
And now no Boor can seek his last abode,  
No common be enclosed without an ode.  
Oh ! since increased refinement deigns to smile  
On Britain's sons and bless our genial Isle,  
Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,  
Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul :                   770

\* See NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of "Honington Green."

Ye tuneful cobblers ! still your notes prolong,  
Compose at once a slipper and a song ;  
So shall the fair your handy-work peruse,  
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.  
May Moorland\* weavers boast Pindaric skill,  
And taylors' lays be longer than their bill !  
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,  
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,  
Neglected Genius ! let me turn to you: 780  
Come forth, oh CAMPBELL† ! give thy talents scope,  
Who dares aspire, if thou must cease to hope ?

\* Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."

† It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except POPE's Essay on Man : but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of CAMPBELL and ROGERS are become strange.

---

And thou, melodious ROGERS ! rise at last,  
Recall the pleasing memory of the past ;  
Arise ! let blest remembrance still inspire,  
And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed lyre ;  
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,  
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.  
What ! must deserted Poesy still weep  
Where her last hopes with pious COWPER sleep ? 790  
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,  
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, BURNS !  
No ! tho' contempn' hath marked the spurious brood,  
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food ;  
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast,  
Who least affecting, still affect the most ;  
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—  
Bear witness GIFFORD, SOTHEBY, MACNEIL.\*

\* GIFFORD, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and translator of *JUVENAL*.

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“Why slumbers GIFFORD?” once was asked in vain :\*

Why slumbers GIFFORD? let us ask again. 800  
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?  
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?  
Are there no sins for Satire’s Bard to greet?  
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?  
Shall Peers or Princes tread pollution’s path,  
And scape alike the Law’s and Muse’s wrath?  
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,  
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?

---

SOTHEBY, translator of WIELAND’s Oberon, and VIRGIL’s Georgics, and author of SAUL, an epic poem.

MACNEIL, whose poems are deservedly popular: particularly “SCOTLAND’s Scaith, or the Waes of War,” of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

\* Mr. GIFFORD promised publicly that the Baviad and Mæviad should not be his last original works: let him remember, “Mox in reluctantes Dracones,”

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Arouse thee, **GIFFORD** ! be thy promise claimed,  
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed. 810

Unhappy **WHITE**\*! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,  
The spoiler came ; and all thy promise fair  
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.  
Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When Science 'self destroyed her favourite son !  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.  
'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,  
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low :

\* **HENRY KIRKE WHITE** died at Cambridge, in October 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which Death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

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So the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart :  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,  
While the same plumage that had warmed his  
nest, ... and all his noble flight ...  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be who say, in these enlightened days,  
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise ;  
That strained invention, ever on the wing,  
Alone impels the modern Bard to sing :  
'Tis true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,  
Shrink from that fatal word to Genius—Trite ;  
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,  
And decorate the verse herself inspires :

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This fact in Virtue's name let CRABBE attest,  
Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best.

And here let SHEE\* and Genius find a place,  
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace ; 840  
To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine,  
And trace the Poet's or the Painter's line ;  
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,  
Or pour the easy rhymes' harmonious flow,  
While honour's doubly merited attend  
The Poet's Rival, but the Painter's friend.

Blest is the man ! who dares approach the bower  
Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour ;  
Whose steps have pressed, whose eye has marked  
afar,  
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war, 850

\* MR. SHEE, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."

The scenes which Glory still must hover o'er ;  
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore,  
But doubly blest is he, whose heart expands  
With hallowed feelings for those classic lands ;  
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,  
And views their remnants with a poet's eye !  
**WRIGHT\*** ! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view  
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;  
And sure no common Muse inspired thy pen  
To hail the land of Gods and Godlike men. 860

And you, associate Bards ! whosnatched to light,  
Those Gems too long withheld from modern sight ;

\* Mr. WRIGHT, late Consul General for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published : it is entitled " *Horæ Ionicæ*," and is descriptive of the Isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

† The translators of the Anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

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Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath  
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,  
And all their renovated fragrance flung,  
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;  
Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse  
The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse,  
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrowed tone:  
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own. 870

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,  
Restore the Muse's violated laws;  
But not in flimsy D<sup>ARWIN</sup>'S pompous chime,  
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme;  
Whose gilded cymbals more adorned than clear,  
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear,  
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,  
But now worn down, appear in native brass;

---

While all his train of hovering sylphs around,  
Evaporate in similes and sound: 880  
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:  
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye\*.

Yet let them not to vulgar WORDSWORTH stoop,  
The meanest object of the lowly group,  
Whose verse of all but childish prattle void,  
Seems blessed harmony to LAMBE and LLOYD†:  
Let them—but hold my Muse, nor dare to teach  
A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach;  
The native genius with their feeling given  
Will point the path, and peal their notes to  
heaven. 890

\* The neglect of the "Botanic Garden," is some proof of returning taste: the scenery is its sole recommendation.

† Messrs. LAMBE and LLOYD, the most ignoble followers of SOUTHEY and Co.

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And thou, too, **SCOTT**\* ! resign to minstrels rude,  
The wilder Slogan of a Border feud :  
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire :  
Enough for **Genius** if itself inspire !  
Let **SOUTHEY** sing, altho' his teeming muse,  
Prolific every spring, be too profuse ;  
Let simple **WORDSWORTH** chime his childish verse,  
And brother **COLERIDGE** lull the babe at nurse ;  
Let Spectre-mongering **LEWIS** aim, at most,  
To rouse the Galleries, or to raise a ghost ; 900  
Let **MOORE** be lewd ; let **STRANGFORD** steal from  
    **MOORE**,  
And swear that **CAMOENS** sang such notes of yore ;  
Let **HAYLEY** hobble on ; **MONTGOMERY** rave ;  
And godly **GRAHAME** chaunt a stupid stave ;

\* By the bye, I hope that in Mr. **SCOTT**'s next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "Gramarye," and more to Grammar, than the **Lady of the Lay**, and her Bravo **WILLIAM of DELORAIN**.

Let sonneteering **BOWLES** his strains refine ;  
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;  
Let **STOTT**, **CARLISLE\***, **MATILDA**, and the rest  
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,

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\* It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of **CARLISLE**, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his Lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl; no—his works come fairly in review with those of other Patrician Literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my,

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Scrawl on, 'till death release us from the strain,  
Or common sense assert her rights again; 910  
But Thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,  
Shouldst leave to humbler Bards ignoble lays :  
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,  
Demand a hallowed harp—that harp is thine.  
Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield  
The glorious record of some nobler field,  
Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,  
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?

---

sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord CARLISLE : if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated, and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support if necessary, by quotations from Elegies, Eulogies, Odes, Episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :

“ What can ennable knaves, or *fools*, or cowards ?

“ Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards ! ”

So says POPE. Amen !

Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food,  
For outlawed SHERWOOD's tales of ROBIN HOOD? 920  
Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native Bard,  
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!  
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,  
But own the vast renown a world can give,  
Be known perchance, when Albion is no more,  
And tell the tale of what she was before;  
To future times her faded fame recal,  
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope?  
To conquer ages, and with time to cope ! 930  
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,  
And other Victors\* fill the applauding skies;  
A few brief generations fleet along,  
Whose sons forget the Poet and his song :

\* "Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora."

---

E'en now, what once-loved Minstrêls scarce may  
claim

The transient mention of a dubious name!

When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest  
blast,

Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,  
And glory, like the Phœnix midst her fires,  
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.      940

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,  
Expert in science, more expert at puns ?  
Shall these approach the Muse? ah no! she flies,  
And even spurns the great Seatonian prize,  
Though Printers condescend the press to soil  
With rhyme by HOARE, and epic blank by HOYLE :  
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,  
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list\*.

\* The " Games of HOYLE," well known to the votaries of Whist, Chess, &c. are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the " Plagues of Egypt."

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Ye ! who in Granta's honours would surpass  
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass ; 950  
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,  
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There CLARKE, still striving piteously "to please,"  
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,  
A would-be satirist, a hired Buffoon,  
A monthly scribbler of some low Lampoon,  
Condemned to drudge the meanest of the mean,  
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,  
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind ;  
Himself a living libel on mankind\*. 960

\* This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the "Art of Pleasing," as "Lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the Satirist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines

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Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race\*!  
 At once the boast of learning, and disgrace;  
 So sunk in dullness and so lost in shame  
 That **SMYTHE** and **HODGSON†** scarce redeem thy  
 fame!

But where fair Isis rolls purer wave,  
 The partial Muse delighted loves to lave,  
 On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,  
 To crown the Bards that haunt her classic grove,

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for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

\* "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor PROBUS transported a considerable body of Vandals."—**GIBBON**'s Decline and Fall, pag. 83, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

† This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

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Where **RICHARDS** wakes a genuine poet's fires  
And modern Britons justly praise their Sires\*.970

For me, who thus unasked have dared to tell  
My country, what her sons should know too well,  
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage  
The host of ideots that infest her age.  
No just applause her honoured name shall lose,  
As first in freedom, dearest to the Muse.  
Oh ! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame  
And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name !  
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,  
What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour, 980  
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,  
Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen:  
But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,  
And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered in the main;

\* The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem by **RICHARDS**.

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Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hurled,  
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the World.

But let me cease, and dread **CASSANDRA**'s fate,  
With warning ever scoffed at, till too late ;  
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,  
And urge thy Bards to gain a name like thine.990

Then, hapless Britain ! be thy rulers blest,  
The senate's oracles, the people's jest !  
Still hear thy motley orators dispense  
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,  
While **CANNING**'s colleagues hate him for his wit,  
And old dame **PORTLAND**\* fills the place of **PITT**.

Yet once again adieu ! ere this the sail  
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale ;

\* A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an old woman ? replied, " he supposed it was because he was past bearing."

And Afric's coast and Calpe's \* adverse height,  
And Stamboul's † minarets must greet my sight:  
Thence shall I stray through beauty's ‡ native clime,  
Where Kaff§ is clad in rocks, and crowned with  
snows sublime.

But should I back return, no lettered rage  
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage:  
Let vain VALENTIA|| rival luckless CARR,  
And equal him whose work he sought to mar;

\* Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar,

† Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

‡ Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

§ Mount Caucasus.

|| Lord VALENTIA (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir JOHN CARR's unlucky suit that DUBOIS's satire prevented his purchase of the "Stranger in Ireland."— Oh fie, my Lord! has your Lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist? but "two of a trade," they say, &c.

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Let ABERDEEN and ELGIN\* still pursue  
The shade of fame through regions of Virtu;  
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,  
Mis-shapen monuments, and maimed antiques;  
And make their grand saloons a general mart  
For all the mutilated blocks of art;  
Of Dardan tours, Let Dilettanti tell,  
I leave topography to classic GELL; <sup>†</sup>  
And, quite content, no more shall interpose,  
To stun mankind with Poesy, or Prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career,  
Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish fear:

\* Lord ELGIN would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of PHIDIAS; "Credat Judæus!"

† Mr. GELL's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own—  
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,  
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,  
My page, though nameless, never disavowed,  
And now at once I tear the veil away :—  
Cheer on the pack ! the Quarry stands at bay,  
Unscared by all the din of MELBOURNE house,  
By LAMBE's resentment, or by HOLLAND's spouse,  
By JEFFREY's harmless pistol, HALLAM's rage,  
EDINA's brawny sons and brimstone page.  
Our men in Buckram shall have blows enough,  
And feel they too are “ penetrable stuff :” 1030  
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,  
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.  
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would  
fall,  
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,  
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise  
The meanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes ;

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But now so callous grown, so changed since youth,  
I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth ;  
Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,  
And break him on the wheel he meant for me ; 1040  
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,  
Nor care if courts and crouds applaud or hiss :  
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,  
I too can hunt a Poetaster down :  
And, armed in proof, the gauntlet cast at once  
To Scotch marauder, and to Southern dunce.  
Thus much I've dared to do ; how far my lay  
Hath wronged these righteous times, let others say :  
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,  
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare. 1050

## POSTSCRIPT.

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I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the Press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry :

“ Tantæne animis cælestibus Iræ !”

I suppose I must say of JEFFREY as Sir ANTHONY AGUE-CHEEK saith, “ an I had known he was so cunning of fence, “ I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.” What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus, before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, JEFFREY ; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by “ lying and slandering,” and slake their thirst by “ evil speaking ?” I have adduced facts al-

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ready well known, and of JEFFREY's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury ;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud ? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there “ persons of honour and wit about town,” but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal ; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed ; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels ; but, alas ! “ the age of chivalry is over,” or, in the vulgar tougue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped HEWSON CLARKE (Subaudi, Esquire,) a Sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a Denizen of Berwick upon Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet : he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity cotemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and what is worse, the defenceless innocent above-mentioned, in the Satirist, for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation ; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the Satirist. He has

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therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir FRETFUL PLAGIARY, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my Bear and my Book, except the Editor of the Satirist, who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. JERNINGHAM is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord CARLISLE; I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy, and whatever he may say or do “pour on, I will endure.” I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher, and in the words of SCOTT, I wish

“ To all and each a fair good night,  
“ And rosy dreams and slumbers light.”

FINIS.

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